

*Editor's notes  
very important  
throughout.*

# VOICES of PEACE



March, 1930  
RALEIGH, N. C.

*Love to the folks.  
(Editor's note)*



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# VOICES *of* PEACE

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VOLUME III

MARCH, 1930

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Dearest Mama,

Please let Sam or Ann or  
somebody read you all the  
stories & poems. I think

## VOICES of PEACE

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like  
them.

Please let me know  
immediately whether Sam

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### EDITORIALS

#### WHISTLER'S MOTHER

I wrote this.

Each girl at Peace, whether she is an art student or not, has probably at one time or another noticed the picture of Whistler's Mother which hangs over the fireplace in the girls' living-room. Yet there are few who know that this same mother was a North Carolinian.

Anna Matilda McNeill was born in the eastern part of the State, in the section between Fayetteville and Wilmington. She became the second wife of Whistler's father, and the artist was born in 1834.

When Whistler first painted this picture of his mother, he called it "An Arrangement in Grey and Black." It was first



hung in the Royal Academy, in 1872. Later it was hung in the Luxembourg Galleries. Finally, as is the custom where the painting is considered fine enough, it was placed in the Louvre ten years after the artist's death in 1903.

Whistler said that people would not care to know the identity of the pictured mother, but they are very much interested in her. We are especially interested to know that Anna Matilda McNeill Whistler was a North Carolinian.

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A MIRACLE

---

*I wrote this too*

A great many people say that there are no miracles; others say that there have been miracles, but that they no longer happen. For those who will look for it, a miracle is about to happen here at Peace. It is an ever-old, ever-new miracle, and it is going to happen very soon. Some of the girls have already noticed the first faint flutter of the Magician's handkerchief, the first brief wave of the wand. It is the eternal, ever-loved, poet-sung "miracle of the spring."

MARCH

March comes whistling over hill and vale,  
 Spring's first child with life and love to learn;  
 Rustling through the city-gray, laughing at Winter;  
 Green buds peeping through, for Spring is at the turn.

Winter stalks behind her, still clothed in muddy brown,  
 Stretching knobby fingers to feel of Spring's child;  
 Every breath a message goes ringing through the town,  
 For Spring has left the winter and joy is running wild.

Spring is at the turning like a gipsy at the lane,  
 With flowers in her girdle and her blown hair wet with rain;  
 There's the smell of apple blossoms blown by winds from the  
 South,  
 And a smile of love and laughter on a gray world's mouth.

JEAN FARABEE, '31.

*How about this?  
 Her father & mother  
 both write.  
 (Ed's notes)*

EENY-MEENY-MINY-MO

Sophy Williams looked at the stack of soiled dishes with an expression of extreme distaste written plainly on her shining brown face. Her thick lips turned down, her brown eyes frowned, she put her hands on her hips, pulling her short green dress higher; then, suddenly, she turned around toward another negress who was sitting on the other side of the kitchen. Her voice was high-pitched, but not unmelodious as she said.

"Come here, Queen Esther, and dry these here dishes. I'm in a hurry."

*I think this is especially good.  
 Reminds me of Mattie*



"Aw, Sophy," whined Queen Esther, a lean, black negress with thin face and straight hair. In spite of her protest, however, she got up and ambled across the room.

She grumbled, "Tain't right, though. I was just coming by to wait for you."

"Well," Sophy retorted, "you sure don't have to, but if you don't you're *some kind* of buddy!"

Meanwhile dish water was being poured, and dishes washed, so Queen Esther dried the dishes and the whole task was done quickly.

Then the two descended the stairs to go to Sophy's room to dress. They emerged like dusky Queens of Sheba, their apparel surpassing that of Solomon in all his glory in color if in neither quantity nor quality.

They walked down the street, swaggering as though they owned the earth. Their high heels made a "clickety-clack" as they walked, and loud laughter and talking heralded their coming and lingered behind them after they passed. They soon reached the down-town district, where they hurried past the brightly-lighted windows of dress shops, down a side street, past restaurants and theaters, and on into a section where negroes were the chief loiterers. They were greeted loudly as they walked on, and they responded as warmly.

"Let's go by the Royal first, to see who's there. We'll get somebody to take us to de hop," suggested Queen Esther.

"Naw, let's go to the Café, please; Bozo said he'd be there—the old good-for-nothin' thing—and I reckon he'd better be! I'll go to the hop with him, but I ain't about to come back with him. I'll get me some other nigger that can dance."

Queen Esther answered, "All right, let's go to the Café."

Across the plate glass window of the Café were gold letters spelling *Star Café*. The girls paused in front, and looked at the



diners within. Only two people were "dining," but at another table sat several negro men. To this table Sophy pointed.

"There's Bozo. We'll go in. Come on," commanded Sophy. She and Queen Esther entered.

Queen Esther called out to the one waitress behind the counter, "Hey, big gal, what d' yo' know?"

"Hey, Bitsy," answered the fat woman with a cheerful grin. She wiped perspiration from her face with a corner of her apron and came around the end of the counter to meet Queen Esther.

Sophy strolled over to the three men.

"Hey, Bozo," she addressed one of them. He was rather large and seemed awkward as he moved his chair back from the table. His eyes sparkled and his thick lips opened, revealing sparkling white teeth.

"Well, Sophy, I wuz about to git tired uf waitin'."

"That's all right, you black nigger. It's a good thing for you you waited," Sophy answered pertly. Then she smiled, the whites of her eyes gleaming, and her lips going up at the corners. "Come on, Bozo, and take me to that house shake over to Mrs. Dawson's. Please do, now," she pleaded. "I know you is, ain't you?"

"Aw, Sophy, you know I've got to do anything you say," replied the big negro with a sheepish grin. He was already standing and he lumbered around the table, took Sophy by the arm, and started to the door.

"Come on, Bitsy," called Sophy. Bitsy was still talking to the waitress but she left her and followed them out.

In front of the Café stood a big Cadillac touring car. It was an aged and hardly venerable-looking means of locomotion, but the three piled in with glee. The engine made signs of protest at the attempts to start it, but after a little the car began moving. Corners were recklessly turned and blocks as recklessly

covered, and soon the car jerked to a standstill in front of a yellow house with a vine-covered porch. Sounds of jazz being banged from a piano, dancing, and loud laughter came through the open windows.

"I sure do thank you, Bozo," said Sophy, as she and Queen Esther crawled from the car.

"Sure, that's all right. I'll take you home, too. I'll come back at ten-thirty."

"Naw, don't come for me. That'll be too much. I can go home with Queen Esther," said Sophy.

"I'm coming for you at ten-thirty! D'ye hear?"

"Yes, I hear," answered Sophy.

The car rolled on and Sophy and Queen Esther went up on the porch.

Mrs. Dawson opened the door.

"Well, you did get here, didn't you?" she said. She called to the dancing couples, "Here's the best-dancing broad in North C'lina."

The boys all craned their necks to see Sophy, and the girls were equally interested.

The first person to have the privilege of a dance with the "best-dancing broad" was a tall, thin man with an ugly face. He and Sophy began dancing to the elemental rhythm of the music. The piano in one corner was being vigorously and rather expertly played by a short, bow-legged negro whose face was wet with perspiration. His coat was off and his sleeves rolled up, but the perspiration streamed down, such was his vigor in "spankin' that 'ano."

After the first dance with her, Slim said to Sophy, "Who's going with you home?"

"Nobody." Sophy lied easily, from long practice.

"Huh?" grunted Slim. "Reckon I will then."



"Yeah?" questioned Sophy. "Wait and see!" Then, raising her sparkling eyes to his, she gave him a devilish little grin, to which he responded by a wide one of returned good humor.

At half past ten Bozo came to take Sophy home. He was sitting on the porch when Sophy came out fifteen minutes later. "Please let me stay," she begged. "I'm havin' the best time. Let me wait till the dance is over."

"Yeah, I see. Got you a new nigger, ain't you? I ain't good enough for you, is I? You ain't my broad no longer, you say?"

"I didn't say that, you bow-legged monkey!"

"I don't care!" Bozo raged. "If that long black ape I seen in yonder a-gallop in' around the room with you takes you home, I'll shoot you both."

"Aw, keep quiet! I'll go!"

Sophy went back into the house to get her purse, went straight to Slim, and began to dance again. She looked out of the window later—Bozo was gone.

She laughed to herself. If she could get rid of Slim as easily, she might get home yet without being "monkeyed up," she considered.

At eleven a new arrival caused a considerable stir. It was Edward, the proud claimant to the title of best male dancer of Niggertown. He came to Sophy, tagged Slim, who was dancing with her, and began doing the "French Collegian" with her. The other dancers gradually stopped and backed against the cracked and soiled walls, some sitting down on a moth-eaten sofa. Every eye was on Sophy and Edward. The pianist put more and more energy into his music, and the dancers' feet went so quickly they could hardly be followed. The piece of music ended in a crashing chord, all the onlookers clapped and shouted, and Sophy and Edward came to a halt.

Slim, gradually thwarted at every turn by the new hero, came to her through the crowd, and whispered, "Good-bye, but all good-bye ain't gone!" and left the room.

Sophy watched the porch and saw Slim settle down in the swing. Her heart sank, but her feet moved as quickly as ever and her conversation with Edward was in no way impaired.

A little after midnight Edward suggested that he take her home in his Chevrolet, which was right in front of de do'.

Sophy saw Slim still on the porch, but an impulse prompted her to say, "Sure."

She called Queen Esther to her and said, "Go out yonder and talk to Slim. I'm going with Edward and I gotta get by." She added, as Queen Esther seemed about to protest, "He'll never know why you're there. He's *dumb*."

Queen Esther agreed, went out on the porch, and sat in the swing with Slim. Through the vines she could see a man sitting on the curb. It looked like somebody she knew. He was getting up. Queen Esther peered closer through the vines—it was Bozo! At this point, Sophy's faithful servant, Queen Esther, had a violent fit of coughing, rushed into the house, and was relieved in a miraculous manner when she found Sophy in the back hall.

She gasped, "Slim's still on the porch, and *Bozo's* across the street!"

"Doggone his black hide!"

"What is yo' goin' t' do?"

"I'll go with Edward. Maybe we'll get by with it. Anyway, I'm goin' with him."

Esther returned to the porch. Slim said nothing, but sat down with her. In a moment Sophy and Edward came out.

"Ah," cooed Sophy, "it sure is *lovely* of you to take me!"

Slim saw red for about fifteen seconds. In that fifteen the fugitive and her escort had reached the sidewalk. By the time he had disentangled himself from Queen Esther's restraining arms, the motor had started.



Across the street Bozo had gathered himself for a wild leap across to the rival's car, but some Fate caused a slow car to get in his way.

He and Slim started at the same time. They rushed toward the Chevrolet. Both were sure they would get there. Then the Chevrolet spurted forward, Bozo and Slim collided loudly, and both sat down!

In the car with Edward, Sophy turned around, saw the two, and broke into a loud laugh. She laughed and laughed, and Edward inquired the cause.

Between laughs Sophy answered, "I just saw a bow-legged monkey and a long black ape sit down together!"

LULA BELLE HIGHSMITH, '31.

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### ON LOOKING AT A SKULL

---

This thing that grins at me once held a brain;  
Thought coursed within this remnant of a head.  
Perhaps the things this skull once dreamed and said  
Brought to the one that dwelt therein great fame.  
Perhaps no kin to his remains laid claim,  
And in a pauper's grave his bier was made;  
Or did he in a prison droop and fade?  
We cannot tell; Death's silence hides his name.  
How grim the mocking sockets of these eyes,  
The staring sightlessness of sunken pits!  
What means the smirk upon these fleshless lips?  
What hopes and vain ideals did Death surprise  
When on this bony mask, the Soul's mere shell,  
His heavy hand, with fatal sureness fell?

SYBILLE BERWANGER, '30.

## MY PHOTOGRAPHS

---

My photographs are not any better than those of most people. I have one thing, however, to be thankful for concerning them. They are generally of the type in which the face has a moody expression rather than the expression of a bird fascinated by a serpent. You know what I mean, in spite of scientists' saying that birds are not fascinated by serpents.

One of my early photographs was made when I was seven years old by Mr. Board, a small town photographer. It shows me sitting on the edge of a massive chair, on the arm of which is perched my elder sister looking down at me with amusement. I look just like the *Nature Magazine* night picture which shows a frightened little deer who has just made a flashlight picture of himself by stepping on a concealed spring.

Another photograph made at the same time has needed many explanations to curious folk. The most striking feature of this picture is my hand, held straight up beside my head, the palm gleaming brightly. At the time, my mother thought that since it was wartime and since my picture was to be sent to my brother who was in the Navy, it would be a clever idea to have me salute. She did not know how to salute; Mr. Board seemed uncertain. We decided, finally, that I should hold my hand beside my head with the palm showing. I do not know what civil, military, underworld, or deaf and dumb sign this salute may be. When a stranger looks at this picture, I generally forestall any such query as "What's this? Showing your hands are clean?" by explaining the noble plan of the making of it.

I have had many pictures made with kodaks. Unfortunately, most of my snapshots show the morose expression I have mentioned. Unfortunately, too, most of them show me with the



shaggy brush of hair of some strange tribesman. Most of my snapshots are painful to behold, but one of them happens to be the only photograph I have which was not posed and affected. When the picture was to be made I was standing on an old log in a muddy spot. Suddenly the log made a roll to the right. I clutched at a dogwood tree by me and whooped in alarm. The boy who was to take the picture clicked the machine. The developed picture, like some trick movies, does not reveal the whole story. It appears to be the picture of a carefree young girl throwing up one hand just for fun and grinning so broadly that she shows almost all her teeth.

I was always being included in photographs without my special desire. So it was with my high school Annual picture. The official Annual photographer tried several adult versions of "look at the birdie" and then said good-by. Later I received three proofs, one of which pleased me somewhat. Alas! I was quite disappointed when I saw it in the Annual. A side view of the neck had the appearance of a deformed, thick neck in the engraving. The eyes and mouth expressed a dumb melancholy. The picture would have been exactly suitable for the "before" section of those patent medicine advertisements that picture various people who, "before taking Sap's Tonic, were run-down, tired, discouraged, weak, nervous—just felt like ending it all." Only too well was the picture suited to the quotation that accompanied my name:

"A serious woman, I trow."

I look forward with curiosity, to say the least, to seeing my college Annual picture.

JANET CRINKLEY, '30.

Her brother's  
at Annapolis;  
His picture was in  
the paper not long  
ago.  
(editor's note)

## ESCAPE FROM THE CITY'S DIN

Sometimes I feel so weary, almost sick  
Of sounds of engines, horns, and peddlers' cries,  
And sight of dingy piles of plastered brick  
That breathe forth smoke to the half-hidden skies.  
In such a mood I love to break into  
The hurried routine of the noisy day  
And take a few short minutes—just a few—  
To read some fresh and happy pastoral lay  
Of old Theocritus, for then I seem  
To hear the water trickling from the rocks  
And tumbling o'er the pebbles of a stream  
Near whose green banks the shepherds with their flocks  
Rest in the cooling shade of spreading trees,  
Listening to tuneful lyres, and hearing, too,  
The whispers of the soft Sicilian breeze;  
Or else I seem to see the hazy blue  
Of dawn o'er wooded hill and grassy lea,  
And hear far off a soft and lulling sound—  
The murmur of the ever-rolling sea.

LUCY COBB, '31.

This kin to the  
singletons, don't you  
suppose?



COLOR

Color is a whimsical fairy that has power to transform drab, uninteresting objects into things which attract and hold our interest and admiration. Sometimes the good fairy is in a quiet mood. Then she expresses her mood in cool, quiet tints. If she feels especially gay and young, she uses her warmest, brightest tones in their full intensity. What a difference just a magic touch from her tiny wand can make! She adds zest to life. Everywhere we look we see evidence of the color-fairy's work. What would the world do without her? She may be compared with Peter Pan in that she never grows old. The ancients knew her; we know her. This is evident proof of her everlasting power to make this beautiful world the charming place that it is. It seems that she should be worn out by now, doesn't it? But every day we may find something surprisingly and delightfully new about her.

The study of color is most interesting if we think of it as the story of an enchanting little sprite. We never grow too old to enjoy a good fairy tale, and I know of none more pleasing than the story of the color-fairy. She herself is invisible, as all fairies are supposed to be, but we know by the work she does with her magic wand that she is here.

We may begin our story by going back hundreds and thousands of years and following our color-fairy up through the ages. I have said that the ancients knew her. We may see in how many different ways they knew her. She helped to make their homes attractive just as she does ours today. Recent excavations of Pompeii show that the homes of that unfortunate city had been touched by color. Beautiful colored mosaic floors were used. Brilliant jugs, pots, and utensils have been un-

I hope all  
copies will  
turn out  
like  
this. I'll have  
to see about  
it.

earthed. Some of the remains are now faded, but they show traces of ~~one~~ having been brightly painted.

That the Greeks as well as the Romans used color in their homes has been proved by relics and remains found in Greece. How beautiful are the carefully kept Grecian urns!

China and Japan have long used color. China's beautiful lacquers, queerly painted tables, brilliantly decorated jugs and tea-sets, and attractive mats were sought by European traders.

Persian homes were like dream palaces of color with their gorgeous rugs, delicate tables, heavy silk draperies and curtains, oriental vases, and odd incense burners.

Among the Egyptians green was a favorite color. This fact has become known through the efforts of excavators and explorers, who have found in the tombs with the embalmed bodies and mummies long turned to stone, green costumes, green scarfs, green fans, and green masks.

Italians used the most interesting variations of color. Their homes were made attractive through their artistic use of color.

Peasants in most of the European countries have always used color. Their curtains were bright; their utensils were colored. Their clothes have always been bright.

North American Indians painted their wigwams. Among the Kuni Indians red was used to drive away evil spirits.

The story of the color-fairy may be traced by studying for a moment the clothes used in all ages. Long ago in Bible times the fairy touched the Priests' robes and added saintly beauty to them. Blue, red, and purple were used. At Thyra-Tyre the missionary Paul found Lydia, the first European convert. She was a seller of purple dyes. We must not forget Joseph's many-colored coat. This coat was very beautiful, and it helped to arouse jealousy in the hearts of Joseph's brothers. The most popular colors used in Biblical costumes are now believed to have been purple and scarlet.

In Egypt, besides the green costumes and green fans found in the tombs, red, yellow, blue, and orange girdles were worn. Do not think that all of Cleopatra's beauty was natural. The good color-fairy created tones that blended with and enhanced the princess's beauty. Cleopatra's bright colored girdles, scarfs, bracelets, anklets, earrings, and rings formed a vivid setting for her golden skin. Colors in clothes have helped to make many women beautiful.

Marco Polo and other European traders brought back from China, Persia, and India, besides spices and teas, heavy silk scarfs, gilded fans, colored moccasins, and gay kerchiefs. The filmy, softly tinted veils and other articles of wearing apparel showed that the people in the East had used color in their clothes for many centuries.

Japanese women formerly wore gaily colored kimonas with enormous, bright sashes.

We picture peasants in gay bodices, red and green skirts, gaudy kerchiefs, and brilliant earrings. In the olden times peasants wore those bright clothes.

Indians in North America colored the skins from which their clothes were made. Their dyes were made from roots and berries. They dyed porcupine quills and strung them from necklaces. Gaudy feathers adorned their black hair. Bright wampum and moccasins trimmed with colored beads were used. The head-dress of the chief was resplendent with colored feathers.

Long ago, a tribe was known by its insignia, a fish, bird, animal, or flower of a certain color. For instance, if one tribe had a lizard for its god, its insignia would be a green lizard. The green lizard would be painted on tents, rocks, canoes, and clothes. Everything colored green would be considered sacred to the lizard god.

One specific incident may be told here to illustrate this. One tribe in an African jungle worshipped the alligator. Anyone



who killed an alligator was in danger of his life. The insignia of the tribe was a red alligator; therefore, every red object was considered by the ignorant savages as peculiarly holy. One day the daughter of a British general came to visit her father. She was an attractive girl, but, unfortunately, she had red hair. One morning she went out alone for a walk. Her coppery hair gleamed in the clear sunshine. She followed a small path into the jungle. While she gathered flowers and ferns, she was not aware of the many pairs of bright eyes that watched from ambush her every move. She would have rushed away from that spot if she had known that members of the Alligator Tribe, attracted by her shining red hair, were close on her trail. Suddenly she was surrounded by fierce black men, who shouted unintelligible words and bound her hand and foot. Her screams were lost in the din of their blood-curdling shrieks. She was taken to their village in the jungle.

Was this a cannibal tribe? What would they do to her? But she soon learned, for strong arms carried her to the bank of a murky pond in which huge alligators floated lazily with half shut eyes. She was to be sacrificed to the alligators because of her red hair.

As the story goes, just at the moment when the pagans were lifting her from the ground, her father and a detachment of soldiers arrived on the scene. At their coming, the fierce warriors seized the girl and rushed toward the dense forest. But the Englishmen were good marksmen, and the girl was restored to her anxious father. This little story shows how any color associated with its god will affect a tribe.

Many people think that the great Greek cathedrals and temples were of smooth white marble. But that is not true. Ruins have been unearthed which show that Greek buildings were brilliantly painted!

Gothic architecture was also touched by the sly fairy's wand. It was once brightly painted, but only the brilliantly stained glasses have remained. The roofs of the building were as carefully painted as any other part.

In the elder days of art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each unseen and unknown part,  
For the gods see everywhere.

Roman arches and amphitheatres were usually gray, but some were painted.

In Southern Spain the Moorish castles were painted brilliantly, red, yellow, or orange.

Italian villas were made of colored mosaics or colored marble, or brightly painted. Imagine the beauty of lofty buildings of colored marble reflected in the blue canals of Venice, and the gaudy, gliding gondolas. Palermo, Siena, and Florence, also, had edifices of mosaics and colored marble.

The color-fairy has tried to brighten the humble lives of peasants by touching their simple domiciles with her wand. The Dutch homes have shining red tiled roofs. The Dutch even paint the stones around their tulip beds. In Holland, Bohemia, Poland, Hungary, and Austria, the peasants use bright colors on their homes. Their villages must be cheery and happy places. They make queer contrasts with the gray, aristocratic castles.

A musician of today finds it difficult to read a piece of music written in the times of Pope Gregory. The staff was composed of five colored lines. The square notes were colored. Red and green were most commonly used in music notation. The color may have been used to show the feeling and emotion in a composition.

I believe that the color-fairy has always been a hopeless little pagan; but I may be wrong, for she was present in religious ceremonies many centuries ago. The Buddhist ceremony in Japan was a sombre affair where no color was present. But in the Imperial Court ceremony, the color-fairy had opportunity for ample expression of herself. Each of the many gods of that religion had a special color. Should the emperor desire to communicate with any one of these gods, he wrote a note on stationery tinted in the color that was associated with that particular god. A few of these letters have been kept and are now in museums. A very beautiful one has been preserved. The stationery of this one is royal purple, and the inscribing is done in gold ink.

The color-fairy lived in the romantic days of feudalism also. She touched the armor of knights. In the stories of King Arthur and his knights we read of the Blue Knight, whose coat of mail, helmet, plume, and shield were blue. The Red Knight and the Green Knight were dressed likewise in their colors. If a knight found favor in the eyes of his sweetheart, he wore a token that she gave him. This token was a red sleeve embroidered in pearls, a flower, or a lacy handkerchief. When a knight rode in a tournament, he was very proud to wear this bit of colored femininity on his helmet.

Feudal lords had special colors. A lord was known by his color just as a tribe was known by its insignia. His seal bore his color; his banner bore his color; his serfs respected his color. His knights wore his color in tournaments and battles. The colors of feudal lords were used just as we use our flags today.

Robin Hood, beloved outlaw, lived in the days of chivalry. Never was a knight more gallant than he. He dressed in green—the gorgeous out-of-door color. Green is a light, dancing color that suited admirably his gay, gypsy life.



So from early days the color-fairy has been popular. And she is just as attractive today. Everywhere one looks one sees her handiwork. Judging by her work, I think that she must be a petite, gay, charming spirit. A good starting place in pointing out the uses of color today is right in the home. Why, she is in almost every nook and corner! What would a home be without her? Quite a drab place, indeed. She touches with cheeriness walls, floors, ceilings, furniture, pictures, books, rugs, curtains, pots, pans, dishes. She has recently done an amusing thing. She has made a blue coloring which many women use to make their pan-cakes match their blue dishes and their blue breakfast alcoves! Dietitians tell us that the use of color in foods has a wonderful effect. People who just "mince" and have scarcely any appetite are attracted by bright dishes.

This entire article might be filled with the many uses of color in the home, but let us note some other places where she is equally as popular.

What would clothes do without color? On hot summer days we like to wear dresses that help to keep us cool. The color of a dress has the power of making that dress seem cool or warm. A light colored dress gives a sensation of coolness just as a bright colored dress seems warm.

Today in Japan, one who wears bright colors in his clothing is not considered normal. The Japanese have grown away from their old style of gaudy kimonos and brilliant sashes. Sombre colors predominate. The Chinese, on the other hand, continue their use of bright colors.

Gypsies' costumes are symbolic of their roving, vagabond life. Their gay reds, yellows, blues, pinks, and greens suggest fortune telling and mystery.

In architecture there has been a recent tendency to add beauty to utility, or rather, to combine the two. I think that is a fine idea. No wonder our cities look gray and drab with their

clusters of bleak, gray skyscrapers. The American Radiation Building in New York is a good example of the new trend in building. This structure is black and has a bright gold crown. How different this skyscraper appears from its gray neighbors! Even ugly gas tanks have been improved by this tendency. They now are steel spheres, which, when brilliantly painted, look like balloons.

Our houses have been touched by this new style also. I saw one very attractive cottage at the beach last summer. It was white, with red and white shutters, red and white curtains, red and white porch furniture, a red and white checked gingham lamp on the porch, red and white lattice work from the ground to the piazza, and red and white trellises in the yard. The cottage was rightly named "The Gingham Cottage." I saw another cottage that was apricot colored and had blue shutters.

Color in the business world is more important than most people think. In advertising, color plays a great part. A circular, for instance, has to be attractive. It must not be too gaudy, but it has to be sufficiently bright to attract enough attention to keep it from going headlong into the waste basket, unopened. Therefore the color scheme of that circular has to be carefully studied and carefully worked out so that the colors will create a pleasing sensation rather than a harsh, grating one.

On a signboard, the same careful study of color schemes has to be made so that the signboard will get its message over effectively to the public. This signboard is a silent salesman, and if used rightly with pleasing color schemes, will increase sales.

In places of business the fairy is also present. She may add charm to a store so the shoppers will want to go in. Most large stores have an interior decorator who successfully works out color schemes for the interior of the store and for the show windows.

The shop window is, like the signboard, a silent salesman. If the window is attractive, we are drawn into the store. But if the window is poorly arranged or if trying colors have been used, we pass by. That window grates on our aesthetic sense just as the rasping sound of a scraping shovel jars our nerves. A shop window may be small but nevertheless very attractive.

"Colors" to most of us mean the stars and stripes of our flag. Our flag and banners have grown out of the use of banners by the feudal lords. A country is known by its flag. An organization has its banner.

The patriotic color-fairy is present in soldiers' uniforms. During the Revolutionary War in America, the British soldiers made excellent targets for the Americans, because their bright red coats could be seen at a distance.

Color abounds in nature. First of all, let us look for her in the sky. At dawn when everything is fresh, the color-fairy selects a brush, dons a smock, and touches the sleepy clouds with the softest rose, amber, lavender, and gold tints from her palette. Then, as the day grows warmer, the artist touches the sky with cooling blue. At sunset she tinges the piled clouds with pale green, apricot, purple, and cerise. I imagine her standing with her head tilted to one side, gazing critically at her work. If she is not altogether pleased, she makes changes. If one will notice the clouds at sunset, he will see the changes taking place. Gradually the fairy-artist grays her paints until a restful twilight has fallen. Then she takes away all color from the clouds, and blackness which rests weary eyes remains. If a storm is approaching, the fairy paints the clouds a lowering grayish-black. She makes snow clouds light gray and impending, as if they were about to tell a secret. She makes October skies a glorious blue. Wind clouds she makes yellow.



In trees, grass, and flowers color is marvelous. The fairy makes leaves pale green in spring, deep green in summer, and red, yellow, and orange in the crisp fall season.

Flowers are very expressive. Their color makes them so. Red roses are for love; for that reason we make our valentines red. White flowers stand for purity and loveliness. The daisy symbolizes innocence. Ferns mean fascination. The heliotrope signifies devotion. Purple hyacinths mean sorrow; the yellow rose, jealousy; the white jasmine, amiability; the water lily, sweetness.

Among birds and animals, we find almost every color. If a bird or an animal is brightly colored, we are sometimes dubious about approaching it. Its bright colors may warn us to keep away. That is called warning coloration. Many poisonous snakes have warning coloration.

Some birds and animals are so colored that we cannot detect them from their surroundings. This is called protective coloration. Most female birds have protective coloration to protect them when they are nesting.

During the courting season, in order to attract the opposite sex, some male birds and male animals are brightly colored. Male spiders are especially gaudy during the mating season. This is called courtship coloration.

Two birds of the same kind or two insects of the same order recognize each other by their color. This is called recognition coloration.

Color in the races of man is interesting. We have white Anglo-Saxons; yellow Japs and Chinamen; swarthy Italians, Spaniards, and Mexicans; copper Indians; brownish-black Africans. What a great difference the color of a man makes! Some of us mistreat the black man. We call the tan man a "wop" or a "dago." The yellow man is glibly called a "chink." The copper man is termed a "blood-thirsty scalp hunter."

What is color? I have said that it is a fairy. Does that not satisfy one's curiosity? Perhaps the problem of what causes color attracts one. But the explanation may leave the reader only more perplexed.

The color fairy differs from other fairies in that she has a family! Her parents, according to Professor Julius Streglitz of the University of Chicago, are two electrons tied to a carbon atom. The dance of these electrons causes color and is the reason for dyes. Professor Streglitz discovered this fact by experimenting. He dissolved white powder in a glass of water and added a certain colorless solution. The contents of the glass changed to red, then to brown, and finally to black. What happened was that one of the electrons was loosened so that it could vibrate with the light waves received by the substance in the glass. When the two electrons were loosened, they responded to all the wave lengths and absorbed all light, thus leaving the liquid black. That is Color's family history.

What gives color to an object? Of course the fairy herself touches it with her wand, but what really leaves the color? All pigments and dyes have a positive atom and a negative atom which has surplus planetary electrons. The positive atom draws on the electrons and pulls them from the negative atom so that they vibrate to the stimulus of passing light. Just as a chord on a piano echoes on sound waves, the pull on the electrons vibrate. It is a strange and interesting fact that the color of an object is the color that it rejects. It absorbs all other colors and reflects that one. That is what makes a hat red, a book blue, or a dress yellow.

What is white light? Has it any importance? White light is just sunlight. We have all seen the colors made by a sunbeam shining through a prism? That prism breaks up the white light into the spectrum. The spectrum is the seven original colors. They are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

An easy way to remember them is to form a boy's name with their initials. Roy G. Biv—an odd name but one that is easy to remember.

Now let us divide the seven colors into primary and secondary colors. The five primary colors are red, yellow, blue, green, and violet (purple). The secondary colors are those which come between the primary colors on the color wheel. They are red-yellow, yellow-green, green-blue, blue-purple, and red-purple.

Some colors are known as warm colors, because they express warmth and heat. They are red, yellow, purple, and orange, and different tints and shades of each of these colors. These colors should be worn by brunettes.

The cool colors are blue, green, lavender, and pink, with different shades and tints of each color. These colors are suitable for blondes.

Complementary colors are those which are opposite on the color wheel. Contrasting colors are those which are not opposite.

Some colors are invisible, like the fairy herself. The colors which I have been discussing are the visible ones. But at either end of the spectrum there is an invisible region—the infra-red region at the red end and the ultra-violet at the purple end. By a photographic process one may see these colors, but they may not be seen by the naked eye. The ultra-violet rays have been found by scientists to be health-giving.

Mixing colors is an interesting pastime. All colors mixed together give a grayish-white. Black is absence of color. By understanding how to mix colors we are able to make any hue we desire. A mixture of blue and yellow makes green. Green and yellow make blue. Red and blue make purple. Purple may be changed by mixing with it another color. It is interesting to try mixing colors and discovering for oneself how to make any hue one desires.



A color scheme is a plan of combining colors. There are five main ones. The first is monochromatic, combining the tints and shades of one color. The second is complementary, in which colors opposite each other on the color wheel, or complementary colors, are used. The third is split complement, the use of one color and the two colors on each side of its complement. The fourth color scheme is analogous, using any three colors that come together on the wheel. The fifth is triatic. To make this one, one forms a triangle on the color wheel and uses the color at each point of the triangle.

A color wheel is a circle on which the colors are placed. Yellow is at the top, then, to the right, green, blue, indigo, purple, red, orange, and back to yellow. This color wheel is useful in mixing colors and in planning color schemes.

Everyone who studies color at all should know the meaning of certain terms applied to color. *Intensity* means brightness of color. *Hue* is another word for color. *Chroma* also means color. *Tone* is any shade or tint of one color. *Shade* is darker than the original color. *Tint* is lighter than the original color. A color scale is degrees of a color mixed with black and with gray. *Value* is the intensity of a color. *Quality* is the tone of a color.

Color is magic and has magic power. It may express feeling. Red expresses passion, excitement, and fire. Green expresses restfulness, coolness, and joy. Yellow expresses happiness, light, and life. Blue expresses repose and reminds one of water and the sky. Lavender breathes mystery, elusiveness, mourning, and sadness. Purple is expression of majesty, dignity, wealth, and power.

The effect of color is wonderful also. Red makes a room seem warmer. Gray is quieting. Pink gives a soft effect. A good example of color effect was the Smallman's Choir. One singer

had a rather deep voice; she wore a red dress. Another singer had a clear, high soprano voice; she wore green.

We cannot praise the color-fairy too highly. I propose this toast to her:

*She's a very  
unusual  
girl; she's crazy  
about all kinds of snakes*

"Here's to the color-fairy,  
May she never grow old."

RODIE DANTZLER, '31.

### THE MIRACLE OF THE DAWN

I stood upon a lonely hill,  
To watch the morning come;  
And looked into the soft gray sky  
With dimming stars still hung.

I saw the east turn pink and rose,  
And all the sky turn blue;  
And still the east grew lovelier  
With clouds of every hue.

I saw the long rays of the sun  
Find diamonds on the lawn;  
And how my soul was thrilled to watch  
The wonder of the Dawn!

LULA BELLE HIGHSMITH, '31.

*(on our  
new staff)*

### SOME MORE WATER

---

"Mama, I want another drink of water!" called little Jeanne slowly but emphatically from lower five.

"Hush, daughter! Go to sleep!" replied Mrs. French. "You've just had some water."

"But I want some more water, Mama!" and Jeanne began crying loudly.

There were groans throughout the Pullman from the disturbed passengers.

Mrs. French soon realized that there was only one way of quieting her three-year-old child, and went to the end of the car for the seemingly necessary water.

"Jeanne is spoiled and I must break her of these terrible habits," she said to herself on her way back to berth five. The water sloshed from the thin paper cup. "But the train is no place to begin correcting her," she thought as she heard one old-maidish voice say aloud, "I wish that child would hush! She's a perfect nuisance!"

"These young mothers don't know how to bring up children," said still another voice.

Mrs. French found Jeanne sitting up in bed, looking at herself in the long narrow mirror. Her light curly hair was mussed, and her eyes were red. "Look at the monkey!" she smiled, and pointed in the glass where her mother stood between the dark green curtains with the small white cup.

"Drink this, Jeanne, and go to sleep!" her mother commanded.

Jeanne drank half of the water and lay back on the pillow. Mrs. French put some cover over her, and repeated her admonition to "go to sleep."



Silence reigned in the Pullman for five minutes. Then Jeanne sat upright in the berth and undressed her doll. No sooner had she removed all its clothes than she decided to put them back on again. All was well until one of the hooks came off the doll's dress. Then she pressed the bell button with all the strength of her two thumbs, using first one and then the other. The porter rushed to the berth. Jeanne stuck her head through the curtains.

"Please bring me a pin for my doll's dress!" she commanded in an imperative tone, imitating her mother.

The porter smiled and drew a pin from the lapel of his coat. "Yes, ma'am."

"Thank you," was the reply and she rebuttoned the curtain and placed the pin in the neck of the doll's dress. "Now, go to sleep!" she ordered, placing the doll on the pillow.

Ten minutes later. "Mama! Mama! I want some more water!"

"Jeanne, you don't need any more water! Go to sleep!"

"Yes, ma'am, I do!"

Mrs. French supplied Jeanne with water and everything quieted again. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed and Jeanne's voice had not sounded.

"At last! She has gone to sleep!" sighed Mrs. French, not alone in her relief.

At four in the morning the conductor rushed frantically from berth to berth. His hand held a yellow paper—a telegram. A wire had been received from a freight train several miles behind, saying that a child had been picked up from beside the track. "Is any child missing?" asked the conductor.

When he reached lower five Mrs. French sprang from her bed, and quickly opened the green curtains of the opposite berth. Dolly lay on the pillow, but there was no Jeanne. The open window was bereft of its screen. Mrs. French screamed.

"The freight train that picked her up is just a few miles behind us, so don't be worried. We are running into Atlanta now, and you can get off and wait for the freight. We'll hold the train long enough for you to get ready," said the conductor.

An old maid, the one that had been so critical during the night, helped Mrs. French pack her bags.

"She'll be all right," the old maid said to Mrs. French in an attempt to comfort her. But tears flowed freely from the mother's eyes.

Half an hour later.

Mrs. French stood sobbing at the foot of the snow white bed on which Jeanne lay unconscious. "If she would only come to!" she cried.

Just then Jeanne moved quietly and opened her eyes.

"Mama, I want some water!" she called faintly.

ELIZABETH RENNEKER, '30.

*(I helped her with this, the she's probably forgotten it)*

MY TWO FRIENDS

I

Alice is quiet and wise.

She sees far past the trouble of today,

Back past the thoughtless acts of yesterday,

And understands the reason for it all.

I take to her the tangle of my life

Where I, disconsolate, am forever lost.

Her pale blue eyes see through incisively

To the real cause of all my worrying.

She rakes aside my troubles and foolish fears,  
 Draws forth the cause infinitesimal,  
 And holds it up before the exposing light.  
 It shrinks to nothingness before our eyes.  
 We smile, and I go back with strength renewed  
 To fight the faults in me—and fail again.  
 Alice knows well my many, many faults.  
 She sees how far I am from being good.

## II

Ted is impetuous, rash.  
 She rushes toward her goal hot-headedly,  
 Blind to the wounds she thoughtlessly is causing,  
 Till suddenly she sees the hurt she does.  
 Then she becomes abject and penitent.  
 As I to Alice, so comes Ted to me  
 For consolation, courage, faith, and hope.  
 I give her all that I know how to give.  
 She listens quietly, wipes a tear away,  
 And in the end jumps up and smiles at me,  
 Declares that I'm a "brick," and runs away  
 To fight herself, and then give in again.  
 And Ted thinks I am good.

## III

Ted, the impetuous, knows that I am good,  
 But Alice, calm and wise, knows I am not.  
 I wonder, wonder, wonder—  
     Which is right?  
 I sometimes think that neither of them knows.

LAURA WHITE, '31.

*She always  
 writes blank  
 verse.*



### THE HONORABLE MR. HOFFMAN

---

"Now, Mr. Hoffman, we want your own story about this," began the nervously flattering tones of the small town reporter.

"Yes, yes, of course!" The voice which answered was that of a polished gentleman, accustomed to success.

"Yes," he continued, "a very impressive ceremony."

"You see," the reporter edged confidentially nearer, "people like to read about you"—growing bolder—"why, you're the whole First Baptist Church!"

The hearty booming laugh of the obviously pleased man behind the desk rolled several times before he answered with a solemn wink, "Well, Charlie, I don't preach!"

"But, seriously, Chief, isn't it true that you have had more to do with the financial end of the building of this new church than people give you credit for?" Edging nearer and pushing his decrepit felt hat farther back, he continued, "In fact, Mr. Hoffman, being treasurer of the church building committee, aren't you more or less responsible for this ceremony of destroying the note—didn't you make it possible for the church to pay off its note this soon?"

After a moment of reflection, during which clouds of cigar smoke curled to the high beamed ceiling, Mr. Hoffman answered rather wearily, "Charlie, I suppose I have been more closely related to the financial arrangements of the church than most people realize. Now run along and write your story. Say anything you want to, but leave me alone now. There are some reports I must look over before the bank closes."

"O. K., Mr. Hoffman. Anything you say. Thanks for the lowdown. I'll play you up big! So long!"

"Good afternoon, Charlie."

As the door closed behind the reporter, Mr. Hoffman leaned back in his chair and peered reflectively at the ceiling. The eyes he raised were the kind blue eyes of a child—not piercing or shrewd—only a little weary. His face showed lines of character with the smile lines in predominance. Although large, he seemed neither fat nor clumsy as he stretched at ease in his upholstered chair.

A tap on the door brought him back from his dreams.

"The afternoon mail, sir."

Four, five, six white envelopes fell into the mail tray on the desk. Briskly, Mr. Hoffman opened and looked over the contents of two or these. The third crackled sharply as Mr. Hoffman convulsively gripped it, gazing fixedly at the yellow printed slip it had contained. His eyes seemed about to start from their sockets.

"Any of the letters you would like me to attend to, sir?" The impersonal voice of the still patiently waiting stenographer shattered the tension of the moment.

"What is it? Oh, no—no, none at all. I'll attend to these." Then, as the obedient automaton turned to go, "By the way, Hawkins, have we heard yet from the man in San Antonio—whether he'd be willing to give us a little time on his \$30,000 draft?"

"Why, no, sir. His letter isn't due until the nine o'clock train in the morning. Is there anything else, sir?"

"No, that will be all. If anyone calls, I shall be at the Club."

"Very well, sir."

Soon the office was empty. Its hangings, rugs, and walls, reflected in the mirror-like wood of the desk, were perfect. The only jarring note was struck by a slightly crumpled, yellow printed slip lying defiantly on the serene mirror of the old mahogany desk.

The sedate old mansion, deeply set in its grounds fringed with crepe myrtle and roses, blazed light from all its downstairs windows. The softly muted music of an orchestra floated out. Through the open windows came the pleasant hum of happy voices.

Within, young people danced while their fathers, mothers, and even grandmothers chatted over bridge tables. Gossip and small talk flew from group to group; and in the midst of it all moved a large, handsome man, his kindly face wreathed in smiles. All seemed cheered at his approach. Grandmothers smiled their trusting, adoring smiles; men welcomed him with flattered cordiality; young people knew him as a friend; children clung to him. Like a jovial, polished god of amiability, he dominated and ruled his worshipping fellow-townsmen.

Now he was assuring a dear old widow with snow white hair that he had just the thing for her—a nice safe investment for her war insurance—a tidy little income for life; now he was quoting Byron to a romantic girl with a freckled nose; now he was discussing baseball scores with the men on the wide front veranda.

As the last guest rolled away down the crunching graveled drive, Mr. Hoffman called out a booming “Good-night.”

“The life of the party,” they called him; “the perfect host,” “the ageless man,” “the tireless friend.”

With his tiny, mouse-like wife and his radiant little daughter, he turned back into the house. His face in repose seemed to have aged. His eyes had a strained look.

“Milton,” ventured his wife, “I believe you’re tired. A good night’s rest is what you need. Go along now. I’ll put Mary to bed and be up in a minute.”

“Oh, I’m all right! Tired? Nonsense! I’m fit as a fiddle.” The perennial smile swept across his face, belying any insinuation of age. The perfect banker, citizen, host, and father mounted the wide winding staircase.

The perfectly appointed bedroom spoke eloquently of wealth—although it didn't actually shout, it told its tale in a loud, unmistakable voice—wealth, luxury, comfort.

All through the long, long night, the inquiring stars peeped at two faces in the "perfect citizen's" bedroom—the one, that of a middle-aged peacefully sleeping woman; the other, that of a terror stricken, wide-eyed man.

The early morning sun saw an immaculately dressed Mr. Hoffman mounting the post office steps at the unheard-of hour of nine forty-five.

"Mawnin', sah! Fine mawnin' this mawnin'." The grizzled old janitor spread his mouth into a wide, toothless grin and bent his rheumatic back in deference to the half dollar which had fallen into his black old paw.

"Good morning, Rastus. Mail up yet?" The booming, kindly voice was as fresh as though its owner had not spent a sleepless night.

"Yas, suh, yas, suh! Hit done come! Howsomever, hit ain't up yet, but ah reckon dey'll give yo' yourn. Yas, suh!"

"Thank you, Rastus. A—good morning, Mr. Williams; Anything for me this morning?"

"Good morning, Mr. Hoffman. Mail for you? Well, let's see—yes, here's a letter—bill, it looks like."

"Nothing from San Antonio?" A fiercely anxious gleam shone in the kind blue eyes.

"No, nothing else this morning, Mr. Hoffman."

A faint expression of horror and pain swept across Mr. Hoffman's face as he turned to leave. "Thank you, Mr. Williams. Good morning."

Rastus grinned cheerfully at the broad departing back and waved his second fifty cents at Mr. Williams. "He mus' be feelin' purty good this mawnin'. He done give me nuther fo' bits!"



Mr. Hoffman, driving toward his home, bowed and smiled to his friends along the street. They returned his greeting with flattered smiles of perfect friendship and confidence.

Mr. Hoffman drove into his garage.

Next morning the front page of the *Post Dispatch* bore the startling notice:

"Leading citizen of Freemont dies by his own hand . . .  
community shocked . . . bank shortage . . . church  
account not on books . . . embezzlement from widows  
. . . \$30,000 account with San Antonio man used to cover  
shortage . . . bank examiner's notice found on desk . . .  
refusal of time extension on \$30,000 draft . . . suicide in  
garage.

MARION TATUM, '30.



## THE COUNTRY

---

I love the country where I was born.

I love to see, at early morn,  
The grass by drops of dew adorned;  
I love the woods on the country-side,  
Where the lilies bloom, and the catbirds chide;  
The place by the brook where the violets hide.

I love the soothing sounds in June:

The tinkling cowbell's drowsy tune,  
The crickets singing beneath the moon;  
I love to smell on the new turned sod,  
A refreshing shower, that softens the clod,  
A welcome gift from the hand of God.

Mrs. RUTH GATTIS, '30.

### STUBBY OF HALIFAX FARM

---

"See here now, I'll not put up with this any longer! Either that boy Stubby has got to be taught to mind or I'm going to quit!"

The Superintendent from the State Prison looked up with interest from the paper he was studying, as Diggs, the cotton field overseer, stormed into the office. Having finished his round of the railroad convict camps, the Superintendent had arrived at Halifax Farm that morning, for a three weeks' stay. It was May and the country had on its new spring clothes, so when opportunity presented for him to get the furnished home of a friend for three weeks, about a quarter of a mile from the Prison Farm, he had gladly taken advantage of it and brought his family with him for a little change from the home at the Central Prison back at the Capital.

"What's the matter now, Diggs?" inquired the Warden of the Prison Farm. He frowned slightly.

"Why, that Stubby broke ranks and walked off down the road. When I ordered him back in line he just called over his shoulder, 'That's all right, Boss; I'll be back before supper's over,' and went right on down the road. It's no use to expect me to control sixty convicts when one of them is allowed to do just as he pleases and nothing done about it!"

"All right, Diggs. Send him in to me as soon as he comes back. I'll have to give him a thrashing." There was a worried note in the Warden's voice, and the furrow between his eyes deepened.

Diggs stormed out of the office as unceremoniously as he had entered.

The Warden rose and walked to the window. Down the road in the distance he saw a boy, hat in hand, running at full speed

towards the quarters. He wore the ugly stripes of a convict, though apparently not more than thirteen years old. The Warden compressed his lips as he watched him.

"Why will the State do it?" he mentally questioned. "Why does our Legislature not make substantial provision for a first class training school for these boys, and save them the lifelong humiliation of the penitentiary?"

As he watched the boy, he pondered the fact that this was only one of them. There were four others at the Farm, for crimes ranging from larceny to murder, and there were still others at the Central Prison. Men's work was too heavy for them, and the complete lack of mental, moral, physical, and spiritual training was terrible for them. Yet legislatures came and went without any action in the matter, and the awful influence of life in a penitentiary filled with hardened criminals went on casting its curse across the future of mere boys, whose lives might have been made for better things.

The Warden liked boys, even these untaught boys of whom the State had made him master. He felt a peculiar responsibility for them—a feeling that for the time being he was all they had and that he must fill the place of father, friend, and protector to them, as well as the law-appointed place of master.

And this particular boy who was forever in trouble with the overseers about something. This little street boy who had no people and did not know if he had ever had any, who the District Attorney thought had better be in the penitentiary than roaming the streets, even though his guilt was not clearly proved—how had this homely lad got such a grip on his heart? From the first, Stubby had shown no trace of fear of him, and had come to him with that odd little way of his which took for granted that he would understand and appreciate his side of the case. But now that he had been sent back to him again and again for various transgressions, it looked as if it would

be necessary actually to punish him. Somehow or other he just could not bring himself to the task. He turned suddenly from the window and spoke to the Superintendent.

"Governor, I'll give you ten dollars if you will thrash that boy for me."

The Superintendent looked surprised.

"Sure, I'll thrash him for you, but what's the matter you can't do it yourself?"

"Why, it's just this: he has been sent to me no less than six times in the last six weeks but each time he has had most plausible reasons why he did whatever it was I was to punish him for doing, and he just gets around me every time, and is right back the next week for something entirely different."

"Put up the ten dollars!" said the Superintendent, grinning broadly. "I'll thrash him for you and it won't hurt me a bit."

There was a sound of hurried footsteps outside. The Warden laid a ten dollar bill on the desk, crossed the office, and disappeared into the adjoining room, closing the door quickly behind him.

The other door was thrown open and a boy with stubby, short red hair, which stood perfectly straight all over his head, came into the room. He was very much freckled, had a slightly turned-up nose, a mouth that spread all over his face when he smiled, and very brown eyes with long lashes, which looked now in innocent but anxious astonishment at the man before him. He paused for a minute, and in that pause he and the Superintendent took each other's measures. Stubby was evidently not encouraged by the survey, for his face turned pale when the Superintendent glanced at a slender whip which hung on the wall in front of him.

"Where is my Boss?" the boy asked slowly, looking the Superintendent straight in the eye.



"I am your Boss. You come here to me, sir," commanded the Superintendent firmly.

The boy moved forward quickly, the anxious light deepening in his wide eyes, and his lips compressed as if to keep from crying. He had heard that the Superintendent had come and knew that this must be he.

The Superintendent began to feel a little uneasy over his job—thought perhaps this job might hurt him a little, after all. But he spoke sternly.

"Now, just what do you mean, sir, by breaking ranks and going off? And just what do you mean by answering back when the overseer ordered you into line? And just what do you mean by disobeying his orders? You can give me a full account of yourself."

The boy hung his head, his face crimsoned, and he clutched one hand nervously with the other. He had not realized that he had done all these things. They really sounded quite serious when enumerated in this way; yet he was sure he could not possibly have done otherwise than as he had done.

"I-I-I couldn't help it, sir," he stammered, lifting his eyes again to the Superintendent's. "Honest, I couldn't."

"Indeed you could help it! That's no excuse at all. If you don't know how to obey the rules, I am going to teach you right now," and the Superintendent arose from his chair and paused at the end of the desk with one hand resting on it.

The boy's lips quivered.

"I-I couldn't help it, sir—I couldn't. I just had to go!"

"No! You didn't have to go! You have to obey the rules first, or else you will take the consequences. Now tell me just what you had to go for."

The boy hesitated.

"Answer me!" commanded the Superintendent.

"It-it-it was a nurse come along, sir, with—with a—a baby in her arms—and—and a little wee bit of a gur-rl a-holding on to her finger. De little arm was all stretched up, a-trying to keep hold of the nurse's hand, and her little purty foots was just a-dragging, she was dat tired. Ole fool nurse, ought to have knowed she couldn't kerry two young uns 'thout somethin' to put 'em in. I—I just had to break ranks and take de little un home on my back, 'cause it wan't nobody else to do it. I didn't know I was a-doing all those things you said; but if I had a knowed I couldn't a helped it—'cause it wan't nobody else to tote her home."

The Superintendent's eyes never shifted from the boy's face and Stubby's anxiety deepened as he finished. The very silence of the Superintendent seemed to fill him with a terror that he had never felt with the Warden. The color had faded from his face again and he was almost wringing his hands from nervousness and dread.

"Oh! Where is my Boss?" burst from his trembling lips. "He—he would understand!"

"Why, Stubby boy, I couldn't thrash you if my life depended on it—that was my little girl you carried home," said the Superintendent. "I was just wondering how to get out of the hole I have got into."

The boy's spirits seemed to rebound with the passing of danger, and in spite of the tear still shining on his long lashes, a smile lighted up his face.

"What hole?" he faltered, a little huskily, "Maybe I could help you out some way."

"Why, it was this way, Stubby: I didn't know anything about you, don't you know, and the Warden knew that he was not going to thrash you, so he gave me ten dollars to do the job for him; and now I have the money and can't deliver the goods. What do you reckon I had better do about it?"

"Ah-h! I can fix dat for you!" beamed Stubby confidently. "Dat sofy! pointing to a big leather couch near the door he had entered. "Don't yer see? You can larrup dat just somethin' terrible, and I can furnish de yowling! I can turn my coat back jes' like dis," pulling it back across his shoulders, and den when I hears him a-comin' I'll jes' be pulling it on and a-goin' out de door, don't yer see? Dat'll fix it up! And I 'spects you better lemme hev dat ten dollars, seein' as you wouldn't want ter keep what you ain't hones'ly yearned." He put out his hand and very cautiously picked up the ten dollar bill from the desk, and the Superintendent, consumed with amusement, made no effort to stop him when he slipped it into his pocket.

"I 'spect you better begin," he stammered. "He'll be a gettin' 'spicious ef he don't hear nothin'."

The Superintendent took down the whip and proceeded to administer a terrific thrashing to the couch, to an amazing accompaniment of wailings and lamentations, and pleadings for mercy from the boy, who hopped this way and that as he howled.

There was a quick step in the adjoining room and a turn of the knob. Stubby promptly pulled on his jacket and fled through the opposite door, with a mock bawling and sobbing which left no doubt in the Warden's mind, as he burst into the office, that he had been skinned alive.

"Hang it all! I didn't want you to kill him!" he said hotly. "I thought you had some judgment as to what a boy can stand!"

The Superintendent laughed, and was thankful for the opportunity, for he was on the verge of exploding with mirth, and he did not want to confess just yet.

"Regretting your bargain, are you?" he chuckled. "Well, I gave you a job for your money and I don't believe you will ever have any more trouble with that young man." He sat

down suddenly on the couch, to cover up some marks he had just noticed.

The Warden sat down at his desk, too exasperated for words. He was completely upset. He had felt quite sure that Stubby would get around the Superintendent as he had always got around him, else he would never have delegated the administration of punishment to him. As he fumbled with the papers on his desk, pebbles rattled on the floor over in front of the window, and, in a moment, more.

"What is that?" he said, rising quickly and going to the window.

A boy peeped around the corner and, seeing him, bent low and ran close under the window. Stubby's spreading smile beamed up at him. He heard clearly the strange whisper of the boy, as he crouched close to the building.

"He never licked me at all—it was the sofy he was a-larruping! I jes' wanted to let yer know. I was skeered you'd be worrit." He waved a greenback above his head. "And I saved yer ten dollars for yer!" he added, and slipped on around the building.

The Warden turned from the window and spoke quickly to the Superintendent. "If you will take charge for me here, I would like to run up to the Capital for a day or two. I believe you said you would be here for a week or two?"

"I will be delighted," replied the Superintendent.

"Thanks; then I'll go tomorrow, for one day or maybe two."

Could we have followed the Warden next day, we would have seen him sitting in the Governor's office, and later in the Court House. He returned to Halifax Farm the same evening and took charge. The Superintendent had gone home for supper and did not return that night.



Next morning when the Superintendent arrived at the office, the Warden thanked him for having taken his place and added, "I had a fine trip and got everything fixed all right."

The door opened a little way and Stubby's freckled face peered in.

"Did—did you send for me, sir?" he faltered.

"Yes, boy, come right in; I have got something to tell you."

The Warden rose from his seat and met the boy as he crossed the room, putting his arm around his shoulders.

"Stubby, you don't belong to anybody and nobody belongs to you. How would you like to be my son and go away from this place, and live with me and go to school?"

"What? Me? Be your very own son and call you father jes' like you had all the time belonged to me? It—it would be hebbin for me, sir!"

"We will go over into Virginia, Stubby, to our farm, yours and mine. You can go to school, and to college bye-and-bye, and some day you may be governor, Stubby."

"Naw—shucks! I don't want to be no governor. I want to be de lawyer dat tells de judge what to do. If I'd er been him I never would have had me sent to no pen'tentiary."

MORDECAI BLEDSOE, '31.

*This really happened.  
She's kin to the a  
prison official who  
knew it.*

### ROMANCE

---

*Like this*

A faint, sweet perfume, a soft spring breeze,  
 Whispered, crooned, through sleepy trees;  
 A moon, half shining, half hid from view  
 Above a garden, glist'ning with dew.

A song; faint, clear, a liquid note;  
 A pause; a trill from a nightingale's throat;  
 A crystal fountain in a rose tree's shade,—  
 Spring, love, a man, and a maid.

MARY GORDON McIVER, '30.

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### SKETCHES

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#### OCEAN DREAMS

Ocean waves breaking on a white sandy beach. Black and white sea gulls flying gracefully over the blue-green water. Sand-fiddlers, crabs, and shells mixed with sea-weed. Overhead, blue skies, white clouds with the sun shining through. A beautiful summer day in July. Betty Lou, truly resembling a mermaid, lay on the sand calmly looking at the ocean. The sea-green bathing suit fitted like wax. It brought out the green lights in her dreamy eyes. Shoulders, arms, and legs were a golden tan. Golden curls were blown by the sea breeze about her shoulders. One brown arm supported the curly head. Dreamy eyes looked far away to the dark blue rim of the ocean, where it seemed to touch the sky. The eyes closed on their dreams. Overhead the sea gulls flew.

MARGARET BETTS, '31.

## THE MAP

The play room was cozy and pretty in a color scheme of blue and pink. On the wall paper were pictures of white ducks in green grass and little girls dressed in blue dresses and pink bonnets. Toys were scattered about the room. Beside a blue table sat a plump little girl bending over a map. The pink lamp shade gave the room a rosy glow and lighted up the face of the little girl. She was dressed in a short pink dress and her pink chubby legs were bare. Her bright golden curls fell softly about her serious face and her big blue eyes shone brightly as she colored the United States black, South America green, and Europe red.

SARA LEE PAUL, '31.

---

## CROSSWORDS INDEED

A tall, bald-headed man sat on the back porch of the small white house. His chair was tilted back against the house, and one long leg was crossed over the other. His thin face, with the sharp cheek bones, was very serious as he worked at a crossword puzzle. Suddenly he called in a loud, gruff voice to an invisible person, "Ruth, tell me a president's name that begins with a w and has six letters."

"Come on in here, John; it's getting dark and you will strain your eyes," replied a woman's soft voice from within the house.

Bang! A door shut suddenly within the house.

There was an odor of cabbage in the air, from the small garden at the side of the steps.

A bee suddenly flew near the man and he struck at it with his newspaper. He resumed his work. There was a loud buzzing and the man struck at the bee again. Finally he gave up in

despair. He arose slowly from his chair, stretched his long legs, and muttered in an angry, sarcastic voice as he went into the house,

"Drat that bee, I wonder if he thinks I'm a flower!"

MARGARET GRIFFIN, '31.

---

"I WON'T GET MARRIED!"

Slam went the garden gate. Laughing children ran down the path and dragged a little boy from behind a bush.

"No sir! I won't get married!" Billy cried, almost in tears. He frowned, and thrust his hands deep into the pockets of Big Brother's coat, which he wore for lack of better wedding apparel. Freckles stood out on his stubby nose, and his brown cowlick bristled.

The would-be-bride glared at her would-not-be groom. From under the white net curtain that served as a veil, red bobbed hair shone in the sunlight. Her eyes flashed. She stamped her foot and insisted that Billy should marry her.

"Rabbi," a little neighborhood Jew, was supposed to officiate, but he stood gazing disconsolately at the bright flowers. The bridesmaids surrounded reluctant Billy, pushing one another and grabbing the boy by his shoulders and arms to persuade him that he should join the bridal party.

A butterfly sailed past and Billy started in pursuit. At this, "Rabbi" solemnly unpinned the white collar that, put on backwards, had changed him into a dignified Episcopal minister. He opened the safety pin, ran his finger over its point, and swiftly, though silently, overtook the runaway bridegroom. He drew back his arm.

"Ouch!" Billy jumped into the air, and grabbed the seat of his pants. When he landed on the ground, he wheeled and



ran toward the now innocent looking little parson. His threatening face alarmed the bridesmaids, so they surrounded him again.

"I won't marry her!"

"Yes, do! Pul—leese! See, you can have part of the wedding present!"

They presented a huge pink box tied with red ribbon. The box smelled highly of mothballs, but it contained some stale pink cocoanut candy.

"Have some!"

Billy paused a moment. Suddenly he grabbed a piece of candy and growled, "Oh, aw-right! Come on!"

CLOSS PEACE, '30.

---

A DOUBLE CASTROPHE

*Closs Peace*  
(Autographed!)

Miss Trent pouted childishly. "Oh, John! An' after what you promised me—" she gasped into the telephone. She drew a deep breath. Her shallow blue eyes glinted dangerously and her slim white fingers clutched the receiver. She nodded her head knowingly. "I thought it 'ud be like that. You've always got a good excuse. Now listen, don't you 'Why, Mary' me! I'm wise to ya!"

She bit her thin underlip. Well-groomed, she might have had a claim to prettiness; but looking as she did at that moment, she could only be called homely. Lacking powder, her pointed nose had a shiny finish. Her brown hair was tightly screwed into curl papers. Her rougeless cheeks had a deathly pallor. Her too thin legs were bare, and her toes were thrust into be-feathered lavender mules. A green crêpe de chine negligee was wrapped tightly about her.

She tapped one foot nervously. Several times she opened her mouth to interrupt John's effusive explanation. Her eyes narrowed more and more as he continued, and her mouth drew itself into a thin, straight line. Suddenly she exploded, "Shut up!" She frowned darkly and screwed her face into an expression of hate. "I'm through, d'ya hear? I'm through! I'm sick 'n' tired o' having to listen to you. I'm through!"

Bang went the receiver! Miss Trent put her knotty head on the laquered telephone stand and gave way to tears. Suddenly she raised her head and listened intently. There was the sound of running water. Jumping up and knocking over a chair in her haste, she groaned, "Ye Gods, the water's run over in the tub!"

SYBILLE BERWANGER, '30.

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#### THE LABORER

The old man slowly unbent himself, and leaning on the handle of a battered old hoe, looked up at the mid-day sun which shone brightly in the center of the deep blue sky. A cool breeze ruffled his scant grey hair when he removed his tattered yellow straw hat, and disclosed numerous rents in his faded blue overalls as they flopped about his emaciated legs. He heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction, and a tranquil expression overspread his brown, gnarled, weather-beaten face as his small, faded-blue eyes proudly surveyed the rows of green corn stalks which swayed gracefully in the breeze.

Tossing the hoe to one side, the old man plodded slowly through the deep brown furrows of moist earth until he reached an ancient, withered apple tree which cast a feeble shade near the edge of the garden. He eased himself carefully down upon the soft green turf and, after removing his old earth-caked

shoes and exposing his swollen feet to the breeze, he proceeded to unpack the worn tin pail which lay at his side. He munched contentedly on the thick rye bread sandwiches, washing them down with great swallows of black coffee.

As the air became more and more oppressive, the old man's eyelids grew heavy, and his small, round head nodded uncertainly on his thin, stem-like neck. In a few minutes he was fast asleep. His bare feet were stretched out straight ahead, his back was propped stiffly against the rough bark of the tree, and one grimy hand clutched the remains of a sandwich. His toothless mouth hung laxly ajar, and his loud, regular breathing denoted the utter abandonment of heavy sleep.

MARIE JONES, '31.

---

#### CALM BEFORE THE STORM

It was evening and the distant horizon was strangely beautiful—magnificent, yet subtle, weird. The purple clouds formed billowy castles in the sky. Dull gold, rose, and green were spattered over the clouds; far behind were the dim outlines of fanciful lakes and bays, grey shores; and then—the infinite. A brilliantly lighted steamer ploughed its way through the oily, murky waters, steadily, unflinchingly.

Music, chatter, and the clatter of dishes came from the dining room, but on deck all was still, tense. The sultry atmosphere was vaguely foreboding. A small, wizened Japanese man stood by the railing, peering intently into space. His face was inscrutable and wrinkleless, and the yellow parched skin was drawn tightly over the bones. His beady, almond shaped brown eyes, entirely devoid of eyelashes, were narrowed and his mouth was drawn in a fine line. In spite of his small stature he stood erect and wore his blue uniform with becoming dignity.

A pattering of feet on the deck broke the silence and a young girl's shrill shriek of laughter pierced the air; a flash of soft pink folds and brown curls, then a long legged boy in swift pursuit until they vanished around the corner. Groups of men and women clad in formal evening garb slowly emerged from the dining hall; there was a mingling of soft voices, the low laugh of a woman, the gruff chuckle of a man.

A tall, white haired woman, clad in a sparkling black gown and slowly waving a black marabou fan, left her group and joined the motionless figure at the rail.

"Ah, Captain," she sighed in a low, husky voice, following the captain's glance with her languorous eyes, "isn't it romantic!"

DOROTHY T. SMITH, '31.

#### RUTH REBECCA JONES' OPINION

*J. like this too*

Ruth Rebecca Jones' deep black eyes shone admiringly as she took a long, wide, pink outing nightgown out of the wicker basket on the ground beside her and shook it violently to straighten it. The wrinkled black skin on her cheeks creased still more as her thick lips spread into a smile. She commented, in a low, appraising tone, "Lawdy, now! Ain't dat somepin fer a white 'oman tu wear! Doan blame 'er, though; Mis' Blonner's got de right idea! Yassuh! None er you' newfamglum notions for 'er! She's agonna be wa'm w'en she sleeps! Lookit dis now! Ain't dat a sight in dis worl'?"

While she talked, she fastened the gown on the wire clothes line with wooden clothes pins, and, as she uttered the last words, snatched from the basket a pair of thin blue silk pajamas and held them high in a skinny, work-hardened hand. Her eyes flashed scornfully as she gazed with deep disapproval at



the pajamas. Her mouth pressed into a hard line, and even her tightly braided, stiff black hair seemed to stand on end in its indignation. She quickly hung the offending pajamas on the line and stepped back to stare at them again. She put her thin hands on her narrow hips, drew in a deep breath, and called loudly, "Cath'win Victoria! Cath'win Victoria Stewart!"

A fat, good-natured black face, spotted with soap suds and streaked with dye from a red bandana handkerchief pulled down on the forehead almost to the twinkling eyes, appeared on the other side of the wooden fence.

"Wal, whatcha want?" demanded Catherine Victoria Stewart, smiling pleasantly.

Ruth Rebecca pointed to the silken pajamas that whipped and danced merrily in the wind, and to the flannel nightgown that flapped dismally in its heavy wetness.

"Look at dat!" she shrilled. "Jus' look is all I ask yu! Dat dere sens'ble gown is ole Mis' Blonner's! She's a white 'oman dat knows what's proper an' healthy, but look at dem jammies o' Mistuh Blonner's! Silk jammies fer a man! A real man! Humph! Lemme ketch *my* man awearin' any sech things an' I'll teach 'im somepin'! But my ole man wouldn't wear 'em! Nawsuh! He wears his red flannel night shirts! My ole man's got sense, he has!"

MARY DELAMAR, '30.

## MODEL-T

"Ah, me," sighed Lizzie, struggling on,

"Tis the thousandth trip since I was born!

My hood is torn, my paint worn off,

My fender bent, and my cap is lost;

My top is rent, my wheels are square—

Say, is there use for Lizzie anywhere?"

"There is no use," said Liz in sorrow.

"Don't believe I'd bring two cents tomorrow.

My door is gone, my shield is splintered,

My hub is bent, my starter riddled;

My days are spent," ranted Liz so sad,

"For now a New Ford is all the fad!"

"But I could be worse," murmured Liz with hope;

"Everything about me could be broke;

As it is, I'm good for a little while—

I'll last at least till next year's fair.

For, as you see, I'll win the prize

As quite the oldest antique there."

RUTH BUSH, '31.

## CALENDAR

---

February 3. Concert by Kathryn Witmer, soprano, at Hugh Morson High School, under auspices of the Civic Music Association.

February 8. Inter-Society program in the Chapel.

February 12. Concert by Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, at Hugh Morson High School, under auspices of the Civic Music Association.

February 11-14. Series of services by Dr. George Matthis.

February 14. Valentine party by Seniors in dining-room.

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## JOKES

---

Lula Belle Highsmith wants to know by what method she is supposed to pay for the gym electric light, since she's decided to break it on the installment plan.

---

Polly Gavin got ambitious the other day and thought she would combine her English reading with some good love story, so she read *A Modest Proposal*, by one Jonathan Swift.

*The Modest Proposal was that of eating you*  
 "Uh—huh! I know something about you!" Mary Gordon McIver cried when she passed an earthworm on the campus.  
*I do too now. Children*

Mary Gordon (again): Miss Brown, is that a new dress? It looks as though it had never been washed.

Miss Brown: It *is* rather soiled, isn't it?

Louise Clifford: Mary Adams, do you know *When I Dream?*

Mary Adams Oliver: When you sleep, I suppose. That's when I do.

#### FOUND IN ENGLISH A THEMES

When he came in one night, damp from head to foot, he began to cough, and the next morning he had developed phenomena.

Gwendolyn had on her mother's diamond pennant.

All prey upon the ignorant and the uniformed.

Bathing peaches.

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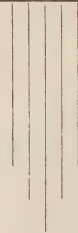
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Why is it you never smile,  
Nor seem happy for a while?

Must you always grouchy be,  
Glaring over here at me?  
Always hopping up and down,  
Never daring to make a sound?

JEAN ROSE, '31.





